THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.] "HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING." [TERMS $1,50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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POETRY.

[From the Ohio Statesman.]

Charge of the Tight Brigade.

[The literary correspondent of a cotemporary, has said that A. VENNYSON STAIK, Esq., could not write on the fiercer themes of war, but the following thrilling lyric, which he at once penned when it was mentioned of him, is a splendid refutation of the *solecism.*]

At the bar, at the bar,
At the bar thundered,
Thundered with fiercest din
Topers one hundred.

There stood those thirsty men,
Thirsty one hundred;
Calling for drinks in vain,
The bar-keeper slumbered:
Hark there's a sound from one!
List how the curses come
From each and every one!
Of that dry one hundred.

Into the bar they pitched,
Noble old topers,
For up comes an order which
Pleased these old soakers,
"Forward the Tight Brigade!
Take the bar," Muggins said!
Into it undismayed,
Pitched now each drunken blade—
Pitched the one hundred,

"Forward the Tight Brigade!"
Gods, what a charge they made!
No man was there afraid,
No person blundered.
Theirs but to drink their fill,
Theirs but to have a swill,
Theirs not to pay the bill,
Ah yes they knew it well!
Knowing one hundred!

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
Labelled and numbered:
Nobly they fought and well,
There many a hero fell,
Covered with blood and beer,
Beer that they loved so well,
Gallant one hundred!

Raised now each nose in air,
See what is under there,
Mugs charged with lager beer—
All the world wondered!
Fiercer the revel grows,
Redder each blazing nose,
Faster the liquor flows,
Under the table, goes
Half of the hundred.

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles all round them,
Emptied and sundered;
Out from that dreadful room,
Out from that dark saloon,
Came forth a beery fume,
Came forth a dismal moan,
But none of the hundred.

When they awoke again
O how their heads did pain!
No person wondered.
Honor the Tight Brigade!
Honor the charge they made,
Thirsty one hundred.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TALE FOR OLD FOGIES:

(OR DOING AS FATHER DID.)

'In "Old HUMPHREY" is photographed the likeness of many a man who calls himself a *Farmer*, but who, if he reads this, will, thro' obstinacy or blindness, fail to see himself in the sketch. It kind reader, you have any OLD HUMPHREY'S as neighbors, hand them this number of the Chronicle, that they may "see themselves as others see them."

I love to hear of any man being convinced of an error, but especially an obstinate man. Again and again has it been said, that of all the people in the world, farmers are the most opinionated; that they do things for no better reason than that of their father's having done them generations before; that they have a will of their own, and that the whole world cannot turn them Some such farmers have I known certainly, but still with truth can I say, that I number among my country friends not a few of a contrary kind. The other day I was in conversation with my old friend, John Ashfield, of Highfield farm, a man from whom I have learned much; tho' when I tell him so, he usually replies: "The boot is on the other leg." We were talking over old times together—but you shall have the account that he gave of himself, as well as I can remember in his own words.

"I have been as obstinate, pig-headed a man in my time, I suppose, as ever strode across a furrow; but the day is gone by now, and high time that it had. The tilt of my plough land, and the sward of my grass land, are different to what they used to be."

"Fifty years ago, James Holt was my neighbor. A wiser man than I was, or ever shall be, was James, though at that time I did not think so. When wheel ploughs were getting common he says to me: 'Neighbor Ashfield, you are falling behind the times; you must set up a wheel plough or two.'

"'I won't said I. My father never had a wheel plough on the farm, and why should I?' You know, Mr. Humphrey, that the farmers were always blunt in their speech, and no one more so than farmer Ashfield.

"When draining came into use, more than it had ever been before, my neighbor says to me; 'You are standing in your own light in not draining your land more than you do; but better late than never. Better begin now.

"'I won't,' said I, 'let those cut up their meadows, and lay out their money in slough tiles that like; my meadows shall remain as they always have been.'"

"'Well,' said he, 'at any rate trim up your hedges and headlands, or 'adlands, as you call them, a little closer. There's a deal of waste land on your farm. Trim up your hedges and headlands.'"

"'I won't said I. 'My father was as good a farmer as any in the Parish; he knew what he was about as well as you do; and he never trimmed up his headlands more than I do.'"

"Soon after this he was at me again. 'Your land is stiff, neighbor,' says he; 'I would advise you to try one of the new-fashioned clod crushers for you will find it an advantage.'"

"'I won't,' said I. Such jimcracks may suit some people, but they won't suit me; my harrows break the ground quite as well as a clod-crusher; if some folks as I could mention, were half as fond of work as they are now o' whims, it would be more to their credit.'"

"Neighbor Ashfield,' says he, a year or two years after threshing machines had once come into fashion, 'you and I must do as other people do—we must set up a threshing machine.'"

"'I won't,' says I. 'Why should I do that that my father never did! And why should I take the bread out of the mouth of the laboring man!'"

"'But never did I see my neighbor more in earnest than when he came to ask me to give something towards the Sunday Schools. 'Lend them a helping hand,' said he, 'for they are doing more good in the Parish than you think for.'"

"'I won't,' says I. 'We never used to have Sunday Schools, and plough-lads and dairy maids do none too much work as it is. What will they do if you make scholars of them, I can't tell.'"

"All this time I thought myself wondrous wise in not being led astray by the new fangled notions of my neighbors; but at last my eyes were opened, for there was not a farmer in the parish who had'nt better crops than I had."

"I saw that my neighbor with a wheel plow could do more without a driver, and hold the plow tail with half the trouble that it cost me, so I set up three or four wheel plows; and what I could do without them now, it would be hard to say.

"'Keep your land wet at the top and dry at the bottom,' said my neighbor, when I began to listen to him. I took his advice, had my meadows well drained, and never have had any cause to grudge either the expense or the trouble. He who doesn't drain his farm, if it is a wet one, is draining his own purse by bad management.

"I looked about me, and saw that I lost an acre or two of ground by my slovenly hedges and headlands; so I set to work and had them trimmed up close. It was a foolish thing that this was not done before,

"I was backward enough in venturing on a heavy iron press wheel clod crusher; but when I did, I found more work done by it, than half a dozen pair of harrows would do. No one can persuade me to set it aside now.

"Nobody stood stiffer than I did against the threshing machines; but for all that, when I saw how easily my neighbor could turn a hundred bushels a day out of the straw, while my men thumping away with their flails did so little, I gave way at once, and set up a machine myself.

"As my neighbor had got the better of my obstinacy in so many things, it was not at all likely he would give up trying me again about the Sunday Schools. At last he beat then, too. For many years have I supported them, and never shall they need a pound while I have one to give.

"At the present time, though I am not fond of running neck or nothing after every new thing, I keep my eyes open to see, and my ears open to hear; quite disposed to believe that my neighbors are quite as wise as I am, and to profit by their judgment as well as my own.

"It has often surprised me to think, that, after setting my face against wheel plows, draining, clod crushers, threshing machines, and Sunday Schools, I should adopt them all, but I believe Mr. Humphrey, the real truth to be this, that I never saw the ill condition of my own farm, till it pleased God to show me the evil of my own heart. This it was that opened my eyes, humbled me, and took away my obstinacy."

Story of a Brave Man.

The telegraph briefly announces this morning the suicide at Jackson, Miss., of Colonel Alexander K. McClung. Our manuscript dispatch reads, "Col. McClung, the *Duelist*," but he was otherwise distinguished, in a very eventful life in the Southwest, than for his prowess under the bloody "Code of Honor," and deserves, in death, to be remembered as well for the good which he did, as for the evil which the telegraphic record would cause to live after him. He was a brave man for his country in war, as well as a desperate one in defence of his own perhaps too sensitive, honor, in peace. He was prompt gallant, and distinguished in the Volunteer Service in Mexico, in 1847, under General Taylor. He was the first to scale the Black Fort at Monterey, and for his intrepidity in placing the Stars and Stripes on its captured walls, was marked and pierced by the enemy with wounds under which he suffered the most agonizing pains for five or six months, and chafed that he could not be rid of them to bear his part on the field of Buena Vista, within a few miles of which he was nvalided.

The personal story of Colonel McClung, though a sanguinary one, is not without its reliefs. He was called a desperate duellist: not that he was by nature blood-thirsty, or loved the practice for the poor renown it brought him, but because when he did fight in this way, which was not often, he made no compromises for the chances of life; and exacted as well as granted, the extreme terms of the code, as practised in Mississippi fifteen or twenty years ago, when extravagance and desperation in every department of life, appeared for a season to run riot. His first meeting was in 1833 or 1834, with a man by the name of Allen The weapons, pistols, to be fired at ten paces, or while advancing nearer to each other, and then the use of the bowie-knife. Allen fell. The second meeting was five years afterwards, or more, with young Mennifee, at Vicksburg, the brother of Richard H. Mennifee, member of Congress from Kentucky in 1838-'39. The weapon, the rifle, both parties excellent shots, but Mennifee fell at the second fire. There may have been other altercations in which he was engaged, but they are not now remembered. These two fatal transactions gave a notoriety to the man which he was far from being proud of, and the public recollection of which he endeavored to efface, in his riper years, by political and military service, first as the head of the Whig press in Mississippi, in the Presidential campaign of 1830; then as Marshal of the United States for the Northern District of the State, and afterwards as a volunteer to Mexico, the Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment. After the war he was the political friend of General Taylor, not to the exclusion of Mr. Clay, of whose neighborhood in Kentucky McClung was a native, but in default of his nomination at Philadelphia.—Under his Administration he was appointed to a diplomatic station as *Charge d' Affaires* to Bolivia, South America, the Capital of which, far in the interior of the country, he no doubt had too much difficulty to find to be impressed by its greatness or captivated by its social or political attractions. He refused to the United States after a two years' residence near the Bolivian Government, in the year of 1851, since when we had heard little of him until the present dreadful announcement of *death by his own hand*. His age must have been about 45 years.—N. Y. Times' March 27.

A SPLENDID BARN.

Few farmers can afford to erect a building equal to one that they can plan, and still fewer to build one like that described below. Still, we publish a description of it, because he who cannot obtain all its advantages may secure a part. Perhaps some of them can be provided for in those already occupied. We ask special attention to the manner of feeding. The italics in that paragraph are ours. The description was given, as appears below, by a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*.

"A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives an account of a barn belonging to David Leavitt, Esq., a merchant prince of New York city, who has a farm in Great Barrington, Mass., pleasantly located upon the Housatonic.

It is two hundred feet in length, with a center wing on the east side, three stories high, with an arched roof covered with tin, and a cupola on the center, and erected at an expense of nearly $20,000. It is based in a ravine which it spans, thus affording an easy entrance into the third story. Through this ravine runs a durable stream, with which is formed a beautiful reservoir of water directly above the barn, that operates upon a wheel twenty feet in diameter, thus forming an excellent motive power, that is used for a great variety of purposes, such as sawing wood and lumber, threshing, cleaning, and elevating the grain, cutting straw, and stalks, unloading the hay, depositing it in any desired loft, churning, grinding, etc.

The first story is used as a manure vault; the second for stabling; the third for grain, hay, and apartments for domestics. The arrangement for feeding the cattle is most ingenious and convenient, the following description of which I give in the language of Mr. Wilkinson, namely: "All the manual labor required in feeding the cattle is to run a car which contains twenty-five bushels of feed, before the line of cattle, and shovel the food into the feeding-boxes, which are of cast-iron, quadrant-shaped, of about one bushel capacity, and one to each stall. The boxes are placed one on each side of a partition, that divides two stalls, and are each attached at the right angle corner of the box to the front partition stud by hinges, so that the boxes may be swung around into the feeding-hall, in front of the cattle, and over the feeding-car, that the seed which spills in filling the boxes; may fall into the car instead of on the floor. After the boxes are filled, they are turned with a slight touch, before the cattle again. In the center, between the next or adjoining pair of stalls, is an erect cylinder, two feet in diameter at the bottom and one foot eight inches at the top, which projects equally into each stall, and extends from about a horizontal line with the tops of feed-boxes (on the opposite side of the stalls) to the upper surface of the hay-loft floor, directly over the cattle, that it may be filled from that floor. There is a circular aperture six inches in diameter, in each side of the *hay-tube*, at a convenient height from the floor, so that two animals may eat from the tube at the same time. Under the tube is a drawer into which all the loose hay seed falls through its latticed bottom, which drawer, when full, is emptied, and when a large quantity of seed accumulates, it is cleaned for use or market. *The seed obtained is of superior quality, and the quantity ordinarily saved by this arrangement will pay for all the manual labor required about the building throughout the year.* Across the front of the stalls there is also an ordinary box-manger, directly under which, and running the whole length of the stable, is a trough or water, with suitable opening in the bottom of the manger through which the cattle may be watered by removing the iron slides that close them, which is done by the means of a lever opening the line of slides at once, and in an instant.

The very great economy and convenience of this arrangement is obvious at a glance, and may be taken as a specimen of the perfection exhibited throughout. Under one of the drive-ways, into the third story, is an arched room, well ventilated, and lighted with a glass front, which is used as a milk room, and has a great many conveniences connected with it for diminishing the labor of taking care of the dairy, which can all be performed without the least exposure to the weather, within the compass of a few feet.—The herd is fed with hay, cut feed, and steamed roots that are reduced to a pulp by the revolution of a cylinder in which the roots are placed after steaming, with four cannon balls of ten pounds each; and, I believe, during the summer season, the soiling system is to be practised in part.

The building is well lighted and ventilated so that no diseases are generated by confinement of impure air and deleterious gasses, an important feature that too often overlooked. On the side of the barn facing the Housatanic, which is but a few hundred feet distant, are projections of cut stone, so arranged as to convert the water which falls over them into a sheet of foam, from which it justly derives its name of *Cascade* Barn."—The Plow, the Loom, and Anvil.

"The Goose Question."

Don't read the following from the Buffalo Republic, with your vest buttoned, unless you wish to split it all down the back.

Godfrey of the Boston Transcript, told his readers a few days ago an astounding story of the peregrinations of a mouse in the body of a snake; its anatomical researches—its going through the snake some seventeen times, each exit being through a fresh passage you chewed out by the "mice." A number of journals have solemnly copied this story, and with a ghastly grin of serious warning Godfrey looks on and marvels at the simplicity of mankind, and the effect of minutiae in properly arranging a scientific "sell."—Godfrey took the materials for his yarn from a notice of a boa constructor, that had swallowed a mole some three or four times at the Zoological Gardens London. The mole exactly fitted for such seclusive habits, and furnished and armed by nature for the work, burrowed himself very naturally out, and although he was swallowed several times, he managed to free himself from the confining stomach of the snake in a manner peculiar to the moles, and utterly foreign to the manner of *mouses*. But we have a *true* story to tell. The way they catch wild geese on the western waters is sufficiently wonderful, without at all taxing the credulity of any one—They are very fond of a small and very active eel, armed with sharp head and teeth, whose habits insist upon its swimming very near the surface of the water. It is very seldom the geese can get hold of this choice morsel, and when they do, they have a grand jollification over it. This eel the *hunters* use for bait for their geese-ships.

A short time since two hunters went out to catch wild geese. One hunter laid down in his canoe with a trout line attached to his wrist, and on the other end, in the water was tied the nimble, sharp-headed and active eel spoken of. The canoe floated slowly through the marshes, and came gradually among a large flock of geese, and the eel swimming along close to the surface. One venerable *bon vicant* of a goose, gobbled up the eel; like a flash, also, the eel had made its way through the body of the epicure, and lo! the goose was "on string."

Another goose afflicted with a luxurious palate swallowed the eel, but without any particular satisfaction, as the eel hardly noticing an obstruction, travelled through the "goose gress" with scarcely an effort. And so this identical eel traveled and traveled, until some seventeen geese were on the string and our scientific friend thinking that he had been fortunate enough commenced hauling them into the boat. But wonder of wonders, the seventeen geese rose upon their wings as one goose, and before our friend of the canoe could make a will or say a prayer, he was lifted bodily from the canoe, through the combined efforts of the seventeen geese attached to his wrist and ere he was aware of it, was thirty feet above the water. A friend of his on shore who saw the difficulty, and his rifle fortunately being loaded, shot off the string and rescued his friend. So instead of wild goose, our hunter got cold duck and although he fishes no more for wild geese with eels, he is prepared to affirm, asseverate or swear to the truth of the foregoing.

ARRISON.—The Circinnati Commercial of Saturday says that this unfortunate man, as the day approaches on which he is to expiate his terrible crime, by the death penalty, evinces by his haggard countenance and altered demeanor that he begins to realize all the horrors of his condition. Remorse seems to be busily at work with his conscience.

DEATH OF A NEGRESS ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.—A colored woman has just died in the Morris county poor-house, who attained the age of one hundred and fifteen years. When a child she was stolen from Africa, and remembers that the slave catchers took the jewels from her ears. She was first brought to South Carolina, and from thence was brought to New Jersey, where for a time she was owned as a slave. She has been in Morris county more than sixty years. Four generations of her descendants were present at her funeral, the dead and living make five generations.—*Newark Adertiser.*

☞ We yesterday received a despatch from Concord, New Hampshire, conveying the painful intelligence of the death of Mrs. ELIZABETH A. MCNEIL, widow of the late Gen. John MCNEIL, and sister of the President of the United States, aged 68 years.—Union.

Statistics and Distribution of the Wheat Crop.

As an article of commerce, wheat has been raised, in surplus, in several countries; but, taking the whole earth into view, *the production of wheat has never equalled the demand for it.* There have always been countries which, in pursuit of greater gain from other crops, or, in consequence of natural deficiencies, have not raised enough for their own food: and, if we equalize the crop, we shall find there has never been enough.

In giving the statistics of wheat in this country, we state, in advance, that the production of wheat, in the interior of the United States, is of great consequence and interest to our western railways. A single fact will place this in a striking point of view. In the year 1854 the wheat crop of Ohio fell short of a fair average, *ten millions of bushels.* The whole of this was taken from the *surplus*—that which would have been carried to market. The consequence is, that a single railway fell short in its *freight business* to the extent of *seventy thousand tons!*

The following is a table of wheat production in the U. States for 1852, being found by adding the average annual increase to the Census of the crop for 1849, and substituting the crop of Ohio, as ascertained by the State Assessors. In 1854, the crop was not so large as in 1852, by probably *twenty-five millions of bushels*; a fact which has not been generally recognized in the noise which was made about the corn crop; but which is amply proved in the high prices. If, in 1855, (as is very probable,) the wheat crop should be a good one, it will be larger than that of 1852, so that that year is the proper one to compare by.

TABLE OF THE WHEAT CROP IN 1852

States	Bushels	Product to each Inhabitant.
Maine	350,000	bushels or 1 bu.
N. Hampshire,	230,000	" " 3-4 "
Vermont	600,000	" " 2 "
Massachusetts	220,000	" " 1-5 "
Rhode Island	3,500	" " 1-4 "
Connecticut	50,000	" " 1-40 "
New York	15,000,00	" " 5 "
New Jersey	2,500,000	" " 5 "
Pennsylvania	17,000,000	" " 7 "
Delaware	350,000	" " 5 "
Maryland	5,200,00	" " 9 "
Ohio	22,300,000	" " 11 "
Indiana	7,200,000	" " 8 "
Illinois	11,000,000	" " 11 "
Michigan	5,500,000	" " 12 "
Wisconsin	5,000,000	" " 15 "
Iowa	1,800,000	" " 9 "
Kentucky	2,500,000	" " 2 1-2 "
Missouri	3,500,000	" " 5 "
Tennessee,	2,500,000	" " 2 1-2 "
Virginia	13,000,000	" " 9 "
N. Carolina	2,500,000	" " 3 "
S. Carolina	1,300,000	" " 2 "
Georgia	1,300,000	" " 1 1-2 "
Alabama	350,000	" " 1-2 "
Mississippi	150,000	" " 1-4 "
Florida	1,200	" " 1-40 "
Louisiana	500	" " 1-100 "
Texas	50,000	" " 1-4 "
Arkansas	250,000	" " 1 "
California	30,000	" " 1-3 "
Aggregate	123,925,200	" " 5 "

This may be regarded as a *full crop* for the year 1852; and although, as in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, the statement is in some instances low, on account of the *basis* in these States, the crop of 1849 being a deficient one, yet, in the main, it is very nearly correct.

Now, the fair allowance to each person in the United States is five bushels, which is just the amount; but we have three millions of negroes in the South, and probably two millions of whites in the same region, whose bread-stuff is almost exclusively Indian corn. The allowance for the five millions is *twenty-five millions*, and supposing the stock on hand to be sufficient for seed, this is all, even *in a good year*, we have for export; but, what can we have from such a crop as the last? Absolutely nothing.

In the above are three classes of States, (as to the wheat crop,) divided as follows:

1st. *The Surplus States.*—These are Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa.

2d. *States which supply themselves.*—These are New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. The last two States are included here for reasons stated above, because their crops in the table are below their usual average.

3d. *States importing their bread.*—These are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, N. Carolina, S. Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and California, *sixteen States*, or more than half the American Union. These are the manufacturing, cotton planting, sugar, and mining States. These States find it, as they think, more to their interest to buy other people's bread, than to make their own.

In a common year, such as 1855, (with no blight on the harvest,) may be, the surplus States will export something like the following amounts of wheat, viz:

Pennsylvania	5,300,000 bushels
Maryland	2,700,000 "
Ohio	11,300,000 "
Indiana	2,200,000 "
Illinois	6,000,000 "
Michigan	3,000,000 "
Wisconsin	3,000,000 "
Iowa	300,000 "
Virginia	5,500,000 "
Total	39,300,000

This is fourteen millions of bushels more than what can be afforded for foreign export; but this fourteen millions is what the manufacturers and planters eat, and enters only into the *internal* commerce; so does the whole amount of what is carried to foreign countries, for that must be carried to port.

Of the above fourteen millions, about eight millions are consumed in New England, and the residue in the South.

We come now to the question, what is the MOVEMENT of wheat in commerce! And what is the Railway movement! It is not very difficult to ascertain this. We have about (as above,) *forty millions of bushels* exported from the producing States *That* must all be carried off. Then we have the consumption of wheat in the large cities and towns of the producing States, which must be transported from fifty to one hundred miles. The population of these cities and towns amounts to about one and a half millions; and require about seven and a half millions of bushels for their consumption. We have then this result of the wheat commercial movement, viz:

Foreign Export	25,000,000 bush.
Domestic Export,	15,000,000 "
Consumption of cities and towns in the producing States,	7,500,000 "
Aggregate	47,500,000 "

This is equal to *one million six hundred thousand tons of freight.* It is very easy to see from the above statement, where the great *ports for the distribution* of wheat are. The principal ones are as follows: Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukie, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. In a common wheat year, such as 1852, 1853, and as we suppose, we shall soon have again, the shipments from these ports will verify the above tables, in every particular. Boston, New York, New Orleans, &c., *handle* a great deal of wheat and flour, but they are not *original* shipping ports of this article at all.

In a short time we expect to show the whole agricultural export of Ohio for 1854.

[*Mansfield's R. R Record.*

HOW HE BECAME A MILLIONAIRE.—Mr. McDonough, the millionaire of New Orleans, has engraved upon his tomb a series of maxims, which he had prescribed as the rules for his guidance through life, and to which his success in business is mainly attributed. They are sound, and contain much practical wisdom.

"*Rules for the Guidance of my Life*, 1804.—Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account. Do unto all men as you would be done by. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Never bid another to do what you can do yourself. Never covet what is not your own. Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice. Never give out that which does not first come in. Never spend but to produce. Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life. Study in your course of life to do the greatest amount of good.

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality. Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence. Pursue strictly the above rules, and the Divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content; but, first of all, remember that the chief and great study of our life should be to tend, by all means in our power, to the honor and glory of our Divine Creator. John McDonough, New Orleans, March 2d, 1804. The conclusion to which I have arrived is, that, without temperance, there is no health; without virtue, no order; without religion, no happiness; and that the aim of our being is to live wisely, soberly and righteously."

JESUITISM AND GREAT INTELLECT.—Look at the Catholics of the United States in comparison with the Protestants. In the whole of America there is not a single born and bred Catholic distinguished for anything but the devotion to the Catholic Church. I mean to say there is not a man in America, born and bred a Catholic, who has any distinction in science, literature, politics, benevolence, or philanthropy. I do not know one; I never heard of a great philosopher, naturalist, historian, orator, or poet amongst them. The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it; they subject every pupil to a severe ordeal, intellectual & physical, as well as moral, in order to ascertain whether he has the requisite stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit out of. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the company of Jesuits from 1645 to 1854.—They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it. Clipped oaks never grow large.—Prune the roots of a tree with a spade, prune the branches close to the bole, what becomes of the tree! The bole itself remains thin, and scant and slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf and a natural giant at the same time! Case your little boy's limbs in metal, would they grow! Plant a chestnut in a tea-cup, do you get a tree! Not a shrub, even. Put a priest or a priest's creed as the only soil for a man to grow in: he grows not. The great God provided the natural mode of operation—do you suppose he will turn aside and amend or mar the universe at your or my request. I think God will do no such thing.—*Parker.*

PATIENCE SMILES ON PAYNE.—Mr. Wm. Payne was a very good fellow, was a teacher of music, in a pleasant town in Massachusetts; and in his school, one winter, was a pretty girl, some twenty years old, named Patience Adams, who having made a strong impression upon Mr. Payne, he lost no time in declaring his attachment, which Miss A. reciprocated and an engagement was the result: Just as Mr. P.'s attentions became public, and the fact of an engagement was generally understood, the school being still in attendance, and all the parties on a certain evening being present, Mr. Payne, without any thought of the words, named as a tune for the commencing exercise "Federal Street," in that excellent collection of church music, "The Carmina Sacra." Every one loved Patience, and every one entertained the highest respect for Payne; and with a hearty good will on the part of the school, the chorus commenced:—

"See gentle Patience smile on Pain,
See dying hope revive again."

The coincidence was so striking, that the gravity of the young ladies and gentlemen could scarcely be restrained long enough to get through the tune. The beautiful young lady was still more charming with her blushing cheeks and modestly cast down eyes, while the teacher was so exceedingly embarrassed, he knew not what he did. Hastily turning over the leaves of the book, his eye met a well known tune, and he called out "Dundee." The song began as soon as sufficient order could be restored, and at the last line of the following stanza rose to a climax:

"Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known;
Oh, give me tears for others' woes,
And Patience for my own."

Patience was already betrothed; she was in fact his: in about a year afterwards they became man and wife.

Then gentle Patience smiled on Payne,
And Payne had Patience for his own.

It is pleasant to add that they still live; four or five little pleasant Paynes have been added to the family, which is one of the happiest to be found in this beautiful world.

SHOULD BOYS USE TOBACCO!—No; it is a poison. Do you ask for proof! You shall have it.

Dr. Clay, of Manchester, England, states that a little boy eight years old, being troubled with the disease called scald-head, his father applied tobacco juice. He soon grew dizzy and blind; then sick; his limbs tottered, his face became pale and covered with sweat; and in a few hours he was dead.

A strong man was killed by tobacco, used as an injection, in 15 minutes.

A single drachm, or eighth part of an ounce, has been known to kill a person. Dr. Christison mentions a case in London, in which the person to whom that quantity was administered, died in 35 minutes.

James Barry, of Salem, Mass., aged 12 years, was said, in the papers, to have died in consequence of smoking cigars.

Dr. Rees, of Edinburgh, says that a single drop of the oil of tobacco being placed on the tongue of a cat, produces violent convulsions, and death itself in the space of a minute.

Dr. Mussey, of Cincinnati, tried several experiments on cats, squirrels, &c., and found that convulsions and death in a few minutes was the effect in every case in which the oil of tobacco was applied to the tongues of such animals.

Dr. Wood, one of the authors of the U. S. Dispensatory, says that the active principle of tobacco "is one of the most virulent poisons known;" and that one drop of a solution of it was enough to destroy a dog; and small birds perished when a tube containing it came near them.

The plant is like the deadly nightshade and stramonium—two of the strongest poisons.

Where it does not kill a person, it injures him, in many cases very seriously. Many are made insane by it.

Now, should boys get the habit of using, by smoking or chewing, such a poison! Is *poison* good for them!

Let it alone, boys. Thousands of men wish they had never seen it, though having got the habit of using it and become poisoned by it, they do not know how to leave off. You that are free now, keep clear of it. Let the poison stuff alone.

The Evils of Tobacco.

It costs more than education or religion, the army or navy. It costs England and America a sum sufficient to support 50,000 ministers with a salary of 1,000 dollars; or more than 100,000 missionaries. The students in one college pay more than $6,000 for segars yearly. It tends to idleness, poverty, strong drink, and the whole family of vices. It tends to debility, dyspepsia, palsy, cancers, insanity, delirium tremens, and sudden deaths. It weaves a winding sheet around 20,000 in our land every year.

"CAN'T I USE TOBACCO, SIR, IF I PLEASE!"

O, yes, my friend, you can be a chewing, smoking, snuffing, spitting, disgusting mortal, if you please. So can your little son.—"Stand aside, my little boy, I want to pass." "Don't call me a little boy, sir; I have smoked and chewed these two years."

A SMOKY WORLD, THIS!

Bishops, doctors, deacons, lawyers smoke! Boys smoke! Little ragged, dingy, thieving, swearing boys smoke. "Father," said an urchin, "ain't you opposed to monopolies!"—"Yes." "Then get me a box of Havanas and a shawl.

REMEDY.

1. Never use it yourself. 2. Banish it from your families and premises. 3. Purify the church. 4. Rebuke the manufacture and sale of it. 5. Look after schools and save the young. 6 Sign and circulate this pledge: I hereby pledge myself to abstain from the use of tobacco, in all forms, totally and forever.

A FABLE.—"My dear children," said an old rat to his young ones, the infirmities of old age are pressing so heavily upon me that I have at last resolved to dedicate the remainder of my days to mortification and penance in a narrow and lonely hole which I have lately discovered; but let me not interfere with your enjoyments. Youth is the season for pleasure, be happy, therefore, and only obey my last injunction, never come near me in my retreat. God bless you all."—Deeply affected, snivelling audibly, and wisping his paternal eyes with his tail, the old rat withdrew, and was seen no more for several days, when his youngest daughter, moved rather with filial affection than by the curiosity which has been attributed to the sex, stole to his cell of mortification, which turned out to be a hole, made by his own teeth, in an enormous Cheshire cheese.

MILL BURNED.—About ten days ago the steam Flouring Mill belonging to Booth & Woodward, half a mile east of Georgetown in this county was burned down. There was about five hundred bushels of wheat and considerable corn in the mill, all of which was destroyed. The warehouse and stable was, also, burned down. No Insurance.—*Cadiz Repub.*